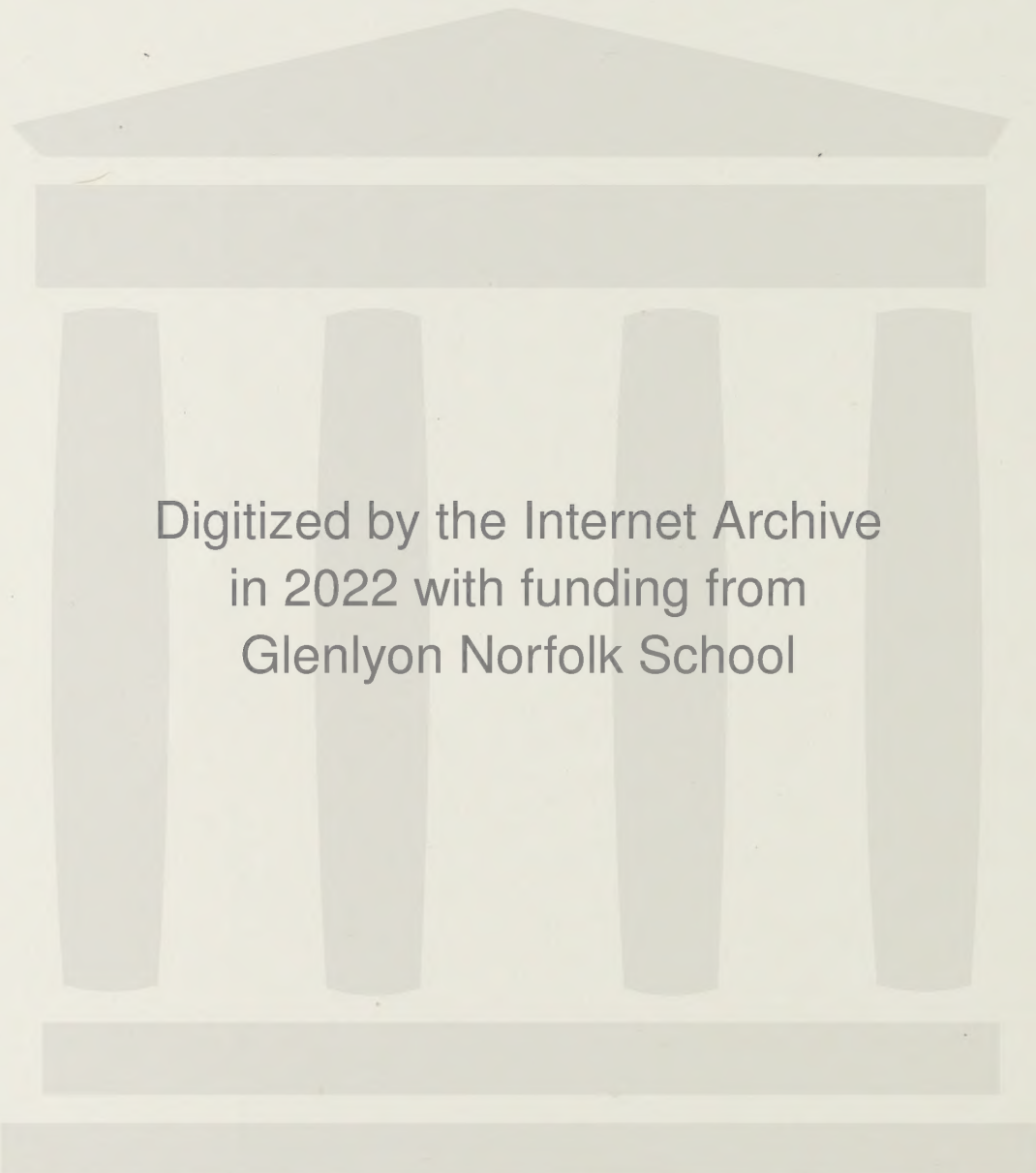




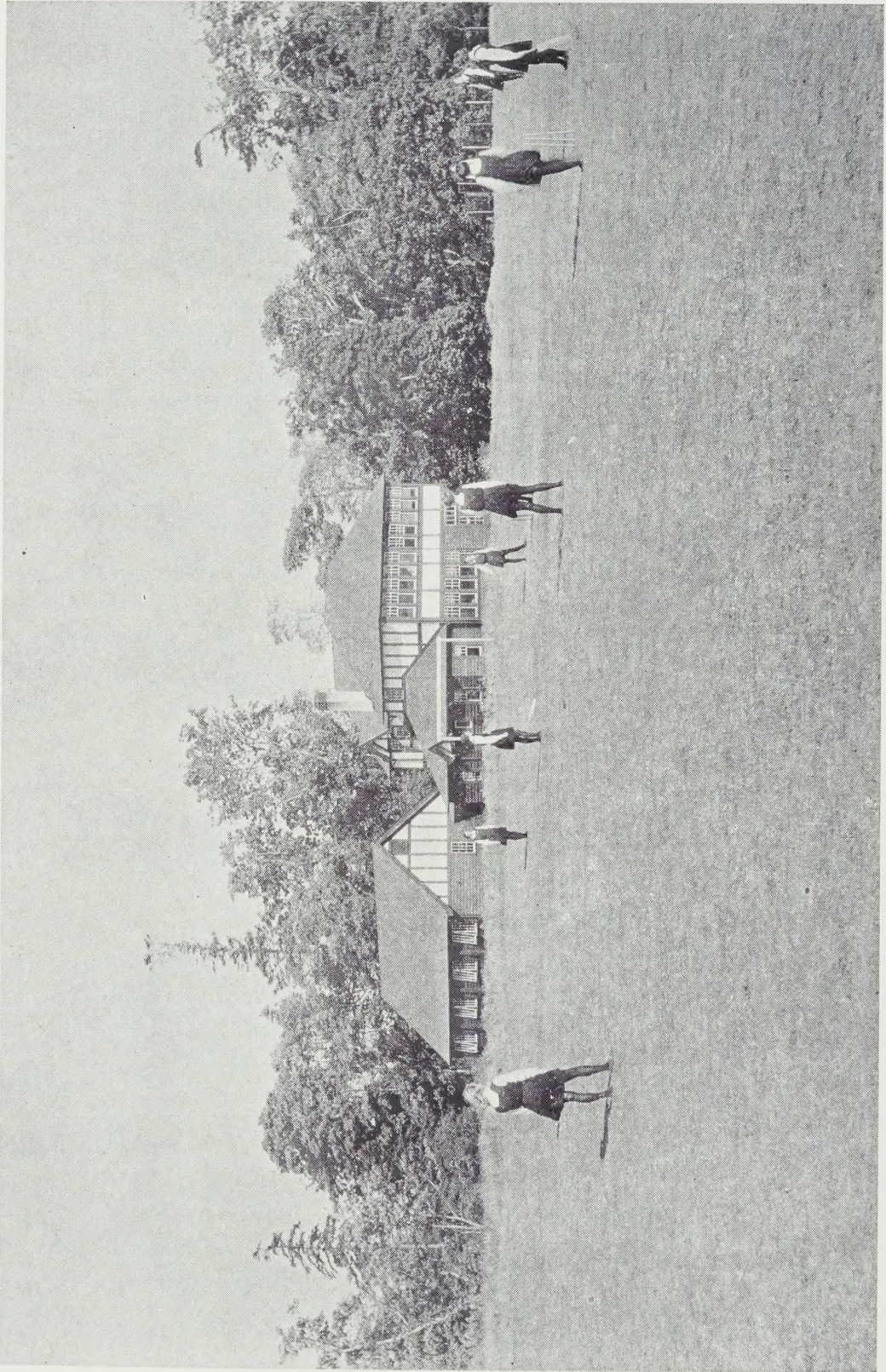
REVIEW  
1943-4



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# ■   ■   Editorial   ■   ■

In this, the second year of publication, our Norfolk House Review has, we feel, made some worthwhile changes. We have tried to give you more news of school activities, although it is hard to improve upon the very capable editors of last year.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Goldfinch and Miss Hill, whose advice and encouragement in the paper last year we appreciated so much. But we would like to thank Miss Clarke and Mrs. Drought for the valuable help they offered in the 1944 Review.

Once more Mr. Cave deserves many thanks for printing the paper under such adverse conditions, which, we are all hoping, will not exist next year. Although we know little of the horrors of war, it has brought us many new friends which we shall be sorry to lose when it is all over.

And now from the staff, the editors and the school, comes a sincere wish for a very happy holiday.

*Joy Munday*



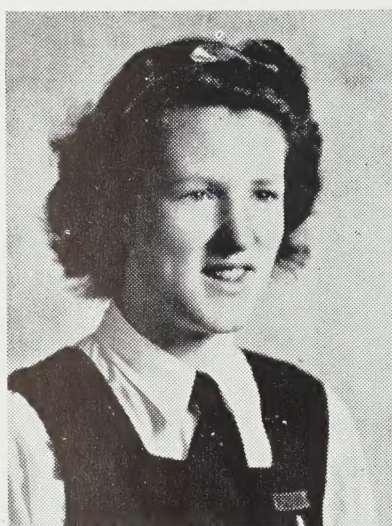




NORMA GARRARD

Norma is our Head girl and also Hockey Captain. Her enthusiasm has kept the school spirit high, and her popularity ranks among the first

Norma intends to take a business course, and later a course in commercial flying.



WINONAH WORSLEY

Winonah, our games secretary, is clever both in her studies, and also in handcraft, which has enabled her to help several charitable organizations. Her ambition is to become a nurse after completing her Senior Matric at Victoria College.



BERYL WILLsher

Beryl is our Wymondham House Captain, Basketball Captain, and also the financial manager of the School Magazine. She is keenly interested in sports, and is also a very popular sixth-former.

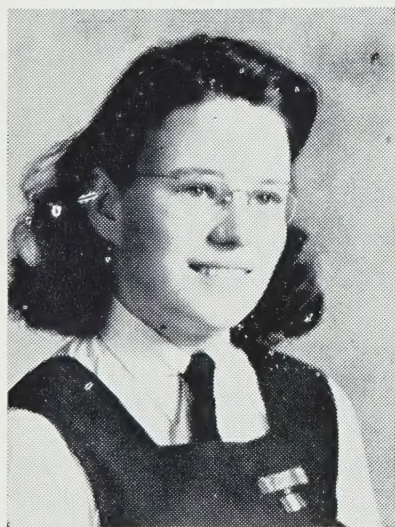
Beryl hopes eventually to take a Home Economics course in Washington.





ERNESTINE HAYNES

Erna is the Restigouche financier, and has proved herself to be very capable. Although she has not been with us very long, Erna has fitted into our school life extremely well. In September she will take a business course which will prepare her for her future career.



BARBARA POPE

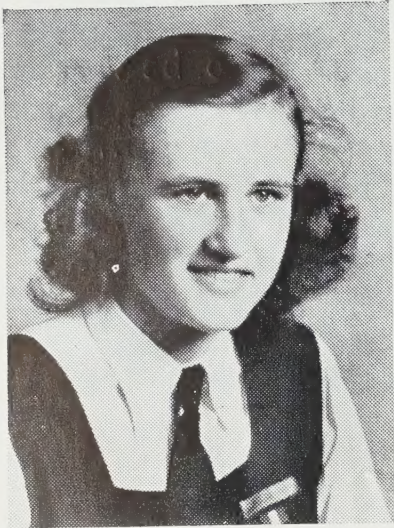
Quiet little Bobby, the Caister House Captain is our Restigouche convenor and librarian. She has worked ever so hard for her Matric, and we know she will come through with flying colours. Bobby, like Winonah, wishes to become a nurse.



JOY MUNDAY

Joy, the Walsingham House Captain, and Editor of the School Magazine is also the artist of the form. She has finally been persuaded to take up Commercial Art, and after studying for a time in Victoria, will finish at the Vancouver Art School.





*SHEILA STEWART*

Sheila is Baseball Captain and also Walsingham Games Captain. She has a hearty sense of humour, and is very fond of sports. In September she intends to go to Victoria College, where she will take her Senior Matriculation.

---

## H.M.C.S. RESTIGOUCHE

It is undoubtedly the ambition of us all to help the men in the armed forces in every way we can. We have tried to do our part by sending comforts to the men aboard H.M.C.S. RESTIGOUCHE.

The money collected at the start of the Christmas term and the amount raised from the entertainment, enabled us to send twenty pairs of Indian mitts to the ship, as well as many pairs of blue woollen gloves, socks and caps. As it has been impossible to send hard candy this year, we have concentrated on books and magazines, and the Old Girls' Association has kindly helped once again with the knitting.

We should all like to take this opportunity of congratulating Lt. Commander D. W. Groos on his appointment as Commanding Officer of the Restigouche and also on his recent marriage to Miss Briget Berdoe Wilkinson, of Cranleigh, Surrey, England.

B. Pope.





# SCHOOL CONCERT

The School Concert this year was marked by an experiment: the Seniors, under Mrs. Cheetham, put on the first act of a Chinese play, "Lady Precious Stream". The novelty of the performance lay in adherence to the stage conventions of another people and another age, and it spoke much for the performers that, on a stage bare of properties, they succeeded in making the play live for their audience. Parts were well cast, diction was at all times clear, the "mutes", or stage hands, did their share with admirable economy of movement, and the costumes, in their richness and authenticity, helped to create a convincing picture of the China of long ago.

The very small Juniors, with great aplomb and stage presence, gave two pieces, "The Dragon" and "Mincemeat". A playlet, "The Elves and the Shoemaker", and a pretty animated picture, "The Flower Garden", were well done by the Juniors, and an Irish jig was danced with spirit.

Choral speaking, and effective grouping of the chorus and principal figures, made the presentation of the Greek myth "Persephone" by some of the Middle School, one of the outstanding items of the afternoon. The Grecian motif was seen, too, in a Greek dance in which the dancers used their hands and arms in a graceful and eloquent manner.

The School choir sang several songs, among these being "O Canada", a Welsh folk song, the old English round "Sumer Is Icumen In", and the popular "Drink To Me Only".

Altogether this year's concert was one to be remembered for the variety and originality of its programme.





# The Meaning of Democracy.

In the twenty years following the last war, students all over the world were told of the horrors of war, of the strife, and the terrible results.

No less than those who came before us, we students of today know that it is unnecessary to fight when quarrels could be settled by peaceful means, but we also realize that a treaty is more than a scrap of paper, that our country's signature on a treaty means that we have to fulfill our obligations to the last man, and that even a word of promise is meant to be kept.

It is on these principles that civilization has been built, and if they are disregarded, civilization must fall.

It was thoughts such as these that occupied our minds when Canada went to war in 1939. We forgot that we had been told of the horrors of war. But as the struggle dragged on, we read of such horrors daily, as we saw new countries fall into the grasp of the dictator. As we read of civilians bombed and machine-gunned and saw more nations betrayed by their own people, our determination to end this domination of what were formerly free peoples grew greater, not weaker.

We recall how, to the surprise of the Germans, the whole Empire went to war voluntarily, because the Mother Country had signed a treaty. How different from 1914 when Canada went to war automatically when Great Britain did. Canada in 1939, a free and independent nation, fought because the life of the British Empire was at stake.

And so after 25 years a new war is being waged, a war as in 1914, to destroy militarism, and to free the nations under its yoke of oppression. Once again Canada's students are ready to play their part in their country's struggles.

But though many of the students have enlisted as in the last war, they are ready to "go over there" in a new and different spirit. This is a war of democracy versus oppression as in 1914, but it is a war freed from all hypocrisy, a war without the false hysteria and flag waving. A war to be fought to the end, with one thought in mind, to help us over the dark days which are yet to come.

Mary Marsh






# TIT-BITS FROM THE CLASSROOM

Teacher: "What is a junction?"

1st. Junior: "I know, it's a place where you store junk!"

2nd. Junior: "No it isn't, silly, it's a kind of desert."




Junior: "What is the "H" on your tunic for?"

Senior: "That stands for Head Girl."

Junior: "Oh, I thought Miss Atkins was Head Girl."



So one of the fifths has a new snake-skin bathing suit — —  
Camouflage, eh?




Four-year-old: (when taken to a kindergarten school) "Oh, I  
couldn't come here, Mummy."

Mother: "Why not?"

Four-year-old: "I shouldn't learn anything."




Senior: I know twenty-three is rather old to get married, but I  
want a career.




Pupil: "Please may I go now, my taxi's waiting."

Teacher: "All right, you little millionette."



Optimistic Scientist: The cure for cancer is a light diet, plenty of  
fresh air, and rest.



What's the Golden rule for factors? — — —  
— — — Who cares? !!



# SPORTS DAY

B. Willsher.

Our annual sports day for this year was held on May 24th. before a large gathering of parents and visitors. Luck was with us and the weather was fine, although in the morning it was rather doubtful.

Mrs. Green, who acted as starter is to be complimented for the way she kept things rolling. All the events were keenly contested as was shown by the many close finishes. The highlight of these was the babies three-legged race. This was an entirely new event which caused no little amusement among the spectators.

The Judges were Lieut.-Col. R. S. Worsley, Lieut. J. C. Anderson R.C.N.V.R., and Col. E. C. Pepler K.C.

During the afternoon tea was served and later, at the conclusion of the events prize-giving was held in the gymnasium, the prizes and ribbons being presented by Mrs. J. C. Anderson.

## Sports Page

N. Garrard and B. Willsher

### BASKETBALL

Basketball this year has been prominent in the field of sport, and as last year, we entered the City Basketball League. Although our scores were not outstanding in any of the games, we certainly enjoyed playing and were glad we had taken part. The following games were played in the league:-

Jan. 20	Normal School. Score 42 - 20 in their favour.
Jan. 26	Victoria High School (B team) Score 39 - 15 in their favour.
Feb. 9	Oak Bay High School Score 31 - 8 in their favour.
Feb. 16	Victoria High School (A team) Score 34 - 14 in their favour.
Feb. 22	Victoria College Score 24 - 12 in their favour.

The game with Esquimalt High School was cancelled.



The Team:

Forward	B. Willsher (Capt.)
Forward	K. Anderson
Shooting centre	N. Garrard
Guard	W. Worsley
Guard	S. Stewart
Guard centre	J. Ricewood
Subs.	A. Robertson, D. Greenwood, M. Jones

**HOCKEY.** We played a good deal of hockey this year and had several promising newcomers. We played practice games against Oak Bay, Victoria and Esquimalt High Schools. On April 1st. we played in the Bridgeman Cup Matches and came out in fifth place, Queen Margaret's being the victors. Strathcona Lodge entered a team for the first time, and although they didn't gain many points they played very well.

The Team:

C.F.	B. Willsher	R.H.	W. Worsley
C.H.	J. Ricewood	L.H.	K. Anderson
R.I.	A. Jorre de St. Jorre	R.B.	N. Gerrard (Capt.)
R.W.	S. Stewart	L.B.	M. Marsh
L.I.	D. Greenwood	Goal	E. Haynes
L.W.	A. Robertson	Sub.	L. Allen

**HOUSE HOCKEY.** On March 27 Wymondham and Walsingham played a 1 - 1 tie. The next day Caister was the victor of an exciting game against Wymondham. Both teams battled hard, but Caister tied the score each and then shot the deciding goal to make the final score 3 - 2.

On March 30, Walsingham was defeated 4 - 2 by Caister. Well done Caister, you played well.

**HOUSE DRILL.** ...On December 9 the Annual House Drill Competition took place. Walsingham came first with 73 - 9 points, Caister second with 72 - 8 points and Wymondham third with 69 - 6 points.

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# OUR FIRST XI

Oh hockey, 'tis a joyful game,  
Designed for young, not old.  
You hit the ball,  
And watch it fall  
To knock some victim cold.

Our hockey team though, "We're not bad,"  
In fact we're pretty fair,  
But very soon,  
By some ill moon,  
Our hopes went up in air.

Esquimalt beat us in a match,  
A week or two before,  
How well we knew,  
Five goals to two  
Was our triumphant score.

When the ball goes up the field,  
At forty miles an hour,  
Then Norma's stick  
Has done the trick,  
She's a Captain with **some power**.

Our Centre Forward, Beryl, can,  
When willing, Hit the ball,  
And send it through  
A goal or two,  
(Or miss, and hit the wall).

Jane's Centre Half, and she is like  
The Scarlet Pimpernel,  
She's here, she's there  
She's everywhere,  
She guards and shoots as well.

Poor Ariel was changed about  
From wing, to half, to inner,  
But she has speed;  
It's what we need,  
And she, a mere beginner!

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## OUR FIRST X1.

From goal to goal and back again  
Is Sheila's steady run,  
No one must dare  
To interfere  
Until her goal she's won.

Kay bought herself a hockey stick,  
A good one, to be sure,  
With that in hand,  
She should be grand,  
Improving more and more.

Who whirls her stick above her head?  
Oh that, of course, is Mary;  
It's true she'll fight  
With all her might;  
You'd better, please, be wary.

Ann plays Left Wing, a place in which  
You've **got** to move your feet;  
She flips her pass  
Across the grass,  
Not far, but swift and neat.

Daphne plays a steady game,  
She'll start without delay,  
To hit the ball,  
Should chance befall,  
To send it down her way.

Now Ernestine, who keeps our goal,  
Was mightily arrayed  
In pads of white,  
So shining bright,  
In her our hopes we laid.

And that is all, except for me,  
I'm clumsy, slow — but keen,  
My stick is here,  
The ball is there,  
My legs come in between.

“Blood, Sweat and Tears” were what we gave,  
To make our team a “go”,  
And on that field,  
Each won her shield,  
As blazers clearly show.

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happiest future.

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# THE YOUTH RALLY

Of all the students who attended the Youth Rally on May 21st., I wonder how many noticed the lonely, quiet figure seated in the balcony? I, for one, did notice her. She sat, very straight in her pew, watching the youth of to-day making plans for the days of tomorrow. I would glance up casually every so often and she would be either listening earnestly to the speaker or watching the students as they sang their hymns in praise of God. Her wrinkled face showed a rather thoughtful smile as Norma Garrard, the representative for the girls stood up to give her speech. It made me wonder whether she was at that moment thinking of her own girlhood or whether she was smiling at the way these determined people were setting their plans for their future years. Maybe she was wondering what kind of lives we shall lead; whether or not we shall do credit to this country as the youth of her days had done. These are just a few thoughts that entered my mind at this time. But, if the latter question was in her mind, I am positive, that, after hearing the service, the inspiring message given by Rev. Biddle and the speeches by Norma Garrard and Frank Osselton that there was no doubt in her mind that the future men and women of Canada would be determined to and capable of keeping the Dominion of Canada a credit to the British Empire!

by Marjorie Patterson.

# THE GHOST

It was a bitterly cold Christmas evening. Outside it was snowing heavily and the ground was covered with a thick white blanket.

My mother and father had invited some guests to come for Christmas dinner, late in the evening. Now they were seated around the table chatting while my father carved the turkey. The dining-room was dimly lighted with candles.

All of a sudden there was a sound of footsteps coming upstairs. Somebody went to see who it was. There was nobody there. A minute later there was a sound as if somebody was falling downstairs. Then again there were footsteps coming up.

Everybody was disturbed by this time. My aunt, holding a candle, led a very solemn procession up the creaking stairway. There followed a general search, under beds, in cupboards and everywhere. Still no sign of an intruder who might have been hiding.

At last my aunt said, "It must have been a ghost." Everyone's face looked grave at that.

"I have an idea where to look." Said my mother, and went down to the basement door. Just as the door was opened, out jumped "Questa" our big dog. She had been trying to drag a heavy chain up the basement steps. All she did was wag her tail and grin at the "joke" she had sprung on the family.

In spite of her bad behaviour, Questa was given her share of Christmas dinner, and the ghost was finally laid.

by Helen Gartside

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# A DOG'S EARS



For the human being, ears are very useful appendages with which to hear, but to a dog ears mean so very much more than just the transmission of sound waves. Of course there are those human beings who can make their ears hop up and down like an animated pump handle or wiggle them round in slow circles to the wondering admiration of small boys, but on the whole we human beings leave our ears in one place and use them only for that before-mentioned useful occupation of hearing.

But a dog's ears are so very different. A chance remark is made about going for a walk and immediately they hop up to attention and wait for further developments. If nothing more is mentioned, slowly and dejectedly they sink back into their former position of boredom. You tickle one of them with your knitting needle and it wiggles — shakes — with obvious reproach in its movement at being made to work overtime.

Then there are those poor dogs who belong to some breed which doesn't believe in ears of any respectable length and have mere tufts, which, though they serve the purpose of hearing have great difficulty in doing anything else. These unfortunate creatures have to make the best of it and use their tails to express their varying moods, but everyone knows how very much more one can say with ears than with a tail. Of course there are all types, breeds and classes of ears but as long as they are at least an inch long they can express most of a doggy vocabulary.

To understand them is to have learned a language which takes long and careful practice and which few human beings bother about, but when you know it every dog is grateful for your understanding.

Winonah Worsley

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# His Night

by Joy Munday

A little boy sat in the farthest corner of the great theatre, watching the people, gay and excited, flocking to their places. He was all alone. Even the stout woman beside him, with the tight string of pearls about her throat, was a thousand miles away; for she was rich and witty, and laughed loudly with the sleek gentleman in the coat-tails.

.... It had taken his mother a whole day to earn the money for a pass to the symphony. The word thrilled him, for he had never heard a symphony before. Not even on the radio, for they were far too poor to afford a radio. They had been poor ever since his father died eight years ago. Even at four years of age the boy had listened hour after hour, while his father played the violin. And he had determined to be like him. Then his father had died, and they had had to sell the violin to pay for the funeral.

The murals on the wall reminded him of the woods where he played; and he wished he could paint as well. But they were too poor to buy paper and paints. He would have to be content with this night. The night his mother had planned for weeks. He would remember every detail and keep it in his heart for ever, so that when he grew up and earned enough money to buy paper and paints he could write it, and paint it, and tell the world of this night - his night.

He pulled his ragged coat more tightly about his thin shoulders because the lady and gentleman were staring at him and whispering. He knew what they were saying, because everyone said it, and he was used to being stared at.

There was a great deal of rustling and chattering, of gay laughter and glittering lights and jewels. Women swaggered in their fur wraps, and black and white men moved stiffly down the red-velveted aisles. A chandelier as white and as round as a full moon swayed in the vast space between the floor & the ceiling. The hundreds of little lights gleaming in their shades of cut-glass. An air of excitement hung over the crowd, and in his corner the boy grasped the back of the chair in front of him.

Suddenly the great chandelier dimmed, and the brittle light vanished, the shimmering blue curtain rose, and fairyland appeared before his eyes - - hushed and beautiful. The women sank back in their red plush chairs, and the gentlemen made themselves comfortable, while the fat lady with the pearls glanced at her gentleman friend and smiled. But the boy was tense and pale, and his black eyes shone with incredulity and awe. The conductor stepped

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## HIS NIGHT      continued

out on the stage and bowed, smiling, his white teeth and long black hair shining. The society clapped, like thunder rolling, but the poor boy stared, his knuckles white, and his black hair falling over his pale brow.

The conductor raised his baton, and silence swept over like a cloud, engulfing the audience. Softly, gently, the first notes breathed from the violins, quivering and delicate, like the rippling of a stream far away. Then the cellos took up the refrain, swelling the harmony, drawing it forth; and the flutes began to sigh, mournfully, like a breeze.

Music such as he had never heard poured forth from the shining instruments and eager musicians. Louder it grew, and wild, sweeping down the red-velveted aisles, though the hills and trees on the murals, up, up, to the farthest corner of the great theatre, to the boy where he sat with his black eyes staring, and his clenched knuckles white. Around and around the music swirled, lilting and gay, then wild and sweet, drawing his very soul from within him, until he was part of it, dancing and spinning, soaring up to the dizzy heights above the chandelier, tumbling in ecstatic chords and rolling drums.

Suddenly the music dropped, and for a second not a sound was heard. Then quietly the violins began to play again. Sadly, passionately, sobbing, their notes flooding the halls with tender grief and melancholy, until the boy could bear it no longer. The tears filled his eyes and flowed down his thin cheeks. His handsome face was glowing with utter joy. His heart was so full that it could hold no more, and, oblivious of the worldly crowd, he left his corner and stumbled through the velvet-curtained archway, down the dim corridors and out into the damp, dark air.

Those people would go out noisy and chattering, and by the next day would have forgotten it all. But for the boy it would never be forgotten . . . . It was his night.

(The End)

---

## TO A SIAMESE CAT

Pussy, why don't they ration you?  
Paws of chocolate, muzzle too.  
Your creamy coat is terribly sweet  
Jams and jellies just couldn't compete.  
Even your name rates a coupon, dear.  
"Sugar" - - but don't let the Ration Board hear!  
(Jams and jellies just couldn't compete.)  
"Sugar" - - (but don't let the Ration Board hear!)

Erica Pepler.

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# ❧ BARGY ❧

“Bargy” is lying on the playroom floor with his head on his paws, his ears pricked forward, and his little brown eyes taking in everything that is going on around him. Now and then he heaves a sigh and closes his eyes for forty winks; then somebody’s chair squeaks and he is instantly alert. He relaxes again, but the sound of an approaching car attracts his attention. Now he gives a low growl, now a sharp “woof” and listens till the sound of the engine has died away. Surely nobody could help loving this furry little busybody; nobody could pass up that mournful look in his eyes as he silently pleads to be unchained, or the way in which he raises his paw to ask forgiveness of an evil deed. Of course I know he torments poor “Prince”, but then what were little dogs put into the world for except to tease big dogs, and what were big dogs “invented” for except to be the recipients of a little dogs playfulness? A familiar step in the hall — “Bargy” jumps to his feet and whines excitedly. The door opens and his mistress comes in to take him for a long awaited walk to the beach.

Norma Garrard.

## A Quaint Old Couple

Every Saturday morning they appear in market, and every Saturday morning they wear the same old clothes. She wears a dark green sweater with a zipper up the front, light green ankle socks and a very long maroon skirt with two huge pockets on it. Her hat is most attractive; it is rather like an old fashioned girl guide hat, with a few flowers attached here and there. His costume is composed of a pair of blue overalls two sizes too large for him, with a huge red and white patch on the seat and two little ones on each knee. He wears a dirty old straw hat, which appears a trifle out of place in the winter. They look very odd together as she is quite tall and plumpish, and he is very much the opposite, being short and thin.

In spite of their oddness, they are a dear old couple, always smiling and happy. They must be well over seventy, but they have to work very hard to earn their living, which they do by selling homemade shortbread and rabbit skins in the market.

Meg Jones.

# The Farmer Needs Help!

\* You know that the food supply is seriously threatened by a shortage of farm help, so why not plan to spend at least a part of your vacation on a Vancouver Island Farm.

The whole matter is being arranged by the Dominion-Provincial Emergency Farm Labor Service.

Full information may be obtained at 909 Government Street.

This space is gladly contributed by

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# SPRING



The birds are building their nests in trees,  
Singing and chirping in the breeze,  
Teaching their young ones how to fly,  
Making them ready for by and by.  
From under the leaves the violets peep;  
The tulips awake from their winter sleep.  
Bluebells and buttercups brighten the fields,  
Plums, pears and peaches their blossoms yield.  
The song of the bird, the scent of the flowers,  
Give to the world many joyful hours.

Nan Willsher.

## Our Trees

Of cold, bleak winters Russia boasts,  
We cannot boast of these;  
The snowy Alps has Switzerland,  
But Canada has her trees.

We cannot say we have sunny lands,  
Which the Italians know,  
But we have the graceful Douglas Fir,  
That only the west can grow.

We have a sunrise through early mist  
That not many countries can see,  
And against it in the misty dawn  
Stands Canada's lone Pine tree.

Up on our rocky mountain slopes,  
Where plant life's wild and free,  
In all its rich colours and gold-blending hues  
Grows Canada's Maple tree.

Into our forests so green,  
Many a person has trod  
And stopped to gaze at our lovely trees,  
A beautiful gift from God.

Marjorie Patterson.  
Form Lower 5.

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# THE END OF THE TRAIL

The Cheerochee brave, once tall and proud,  
Slumped in his saddle with head forward bowed,  
And his snow white stallion, with foam-flecked mane  
Limped slowly back from the outstretched plain.  
The battle was over, the vict'ry was won;  
For the Cheerochee, his day was nearly done.

The sun was sett'ng just over the ridge;  
Then he prodded his horse, - could he cross that high bridge  
That loomed up ahead so perilously near?  
And in this Indian remained now no fear,  
For with pride he was filled, his head held high,  
As he raised his eyes and prayed to the sky  
That his soul to his ancestors now might be bound,  
To the land that's forever his new hunting ground.

Florence Clarke.

## - BOOKS -

I'd like to open the door of a book  
And look into every corner and nook,  
Where little princes do the chores,  
And pretty maidens sweep the floors.

Into the rooms of a book I'd peep,  
And through the corridors I'd creep.  
The children in the books have toys,  
Just like other girls and boys.

The rooms in the book are big and wide,  
With others on the side:  
I am only a little child,  
But even I know the walls are tiled.

Gloria Sherwood.

# THE UPPER FOURTH

The Upper Fourth has brains galore,  
Diana Lee leads by a score.  
Nina and Sandy, grammarians too  
Make us all wonder what they can't do.  
Liz is our athlete, so neat and small,  
Who can jump higher than us all.  
Ariel, the runner of the form,  
Beat Helen, the artist, who dā not mourn.  
Meg, our happy-go-lucky one,  
Is always ready to jump and run.  
E. Mackenzie, who wrote this old thing,  
Really deserves a term at Sing-Sing.

E. Mackenzie. ....

# TO A BREEZE

Oh breeze, slow creeping through the rushes,  
In the cool splendour of sunrise and the cruel heat of day;  
You, with all your music, are free to trill and play  
Like a lark's clear note in heaven,  
    and the warble of the thrushes  
Now, gently lift a petal; at her first faint blushing  
Down the fields of clover, a demon gone astray,  
Born to be a rover, laughing, gay,  
Up glade, down vale, I see you wildly rushing.  
I wonder if your whisper heard among the trees  
Is a gentle message sent  
To those who know, and dream  
Of things beyond our ken —  
Of love, and joy, and laughter spent  
In heavens' realms of peace supreme.

Patricia Lloyd.

# NONE COULD EVER KNOW

The vast, unfathomable depths that spring  
In blackness to the peak of heaven, where  
Vague and wavering breathes the misty light,  
    Sending the shadows creeping in the night,  
        None could ever know.

Like a maiden beckoning her love,  
The restless sea, borne from the chilly gloom  
Tosses her pale hair far along the bay.  
    None could ever know.

The sobbing of the loons when dusk has come,  
The solemn journey of the owl, the chipmunk's flight,  
The softest breathing of the wee folk of the wood;  
    None could ever know.

And now the peace, the calmness of the wild,  
When Nature claims a mortal for her child,  
And spreads her rocky pillow for my head,  
And none could tell our stillness from the dead.  
    No, None could ever know.

by Joy Munday.





*Iva Lisicka*

In the University Entrance Examination, June 1943, Six girls wrote the full examination, and four passed. The successful candidates were Iva Lisicka, Gwyneta Williams, Jane Bolton and Margaret Westinghouse.

Ruth Solly and Christine Humble completed the Examination in August, and Mary Robertson, who took a partial course in June, also completed the examination in August.

Iva Lisicka with an average mark of 91.8% was placed first in the District of Victoria and was awarded a Royal Institution Scholarship of \$175.00.

## NEWS OF N.H.S. OLD GIRLS

### AT VICTORIA COLLEGE

2nd. Year:	R. James — Chemistry Lab Assistant.
(completed)	P. Mitchell
1st. Year:	I. Lisicka
(completed)	J. Bolton
	P. Williams
	M. Robertson
	C. Humble

### AT MILLS COLLEGE (CALIFORNIA)

M. Westinghouse

### AT U.B.C.

M. Kidd — Graduated with B.A.

### AT BUSINESS COLLEGE:

D. Dyson  
J. Willsher

## MARRIAGES

**Mowat - Learmonth.** Robert Mowat and Pauline Livingstone-Learmonth  
**Roxburgh-Wright.** J. M. Roxburgh and Gwen Wright.  
**Robitaille-Beasley.** Paul Robitaille and Gladwyne Beasley.  
**Horton-Jones.** William B. Horton and Docia Jones.  
**Craig-Watson.** Ina Craig and Patsy Watson.  
**Hughes-Harrison.** Gordon Ainsley Hughes and Shirley Harrison.

## BIRTHS

**Izard** - To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Izard (Cynthia Musgrave) a daughter  
**McDonald** - To Mr. and Mrs. Ian McDonald (Peggy Angus) a son.  
**Mitchell** - To Mr. and Mrs. Hoadley Mitchell (Ruth Horton) a son  
**Carmichael** - To Mr. and Mrs. David Carmichael (Doreen Phethean) a son  
**Barclay** - To Mr. and Mrs. John Barclay (Elizabeth Martin) a daughter.  
**Findley** - To Mr. and Mrs. William Findley (Barbara Cocks) a son  
**Todd** - To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Todd (Margaret Suttcliffe) a son.  
**Mayhew** - To Mr. and Mrs. Logan Mayhew (Margaret Bucklin) a son.  
**Sinclair** - To Mr. and Mrs. J. Sinclair (Joan Livingstone-Learmonth) a daughter.  
**Metcalf** - To Mr. and Mrs. Eric Metcalf (Lillian Ryan) a son.  
**Stewart** - To Mr. and Mrs. Colin Stewart (Betty Burns) a son.  
**Wheelock** - To Mr. and Mrs. S. Wheelock (Ann Ridewood) a son.  
**Rice** - To Mr. and Mrs. David Rice (Joan Sutherland) a daughter.  
**Piddington** - To Mr. and Mrs. James Piddington (Phyllis Parkes) a daughter.

## IN THE SERVICES

### C.W.A.C.

Mrs. Tomalin (Miss Miller)  
Miss Adamson

### ARMY NURSES

Barbara Wells (Overseas)  
Enid Long  
Josephine Forbes (Occupational therapy  
— Overseas)

### GRADUATE NURSES

Mary Worsley — Royal Jubilee.  
Gloria Wilson — St. Paul's — Vancouver.

### W.R.C.N.S.

Miss Rea  
Mary Stephens.  
Miss Goldfinch.  
Kythe Mackenzie.  
Mollie McCallum.

### R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

Desiree Davis  
Joan Douglas  
Patricia Gibson  
Molly Horsefield  
Frances Watt  
Helen Woodcroft  
Marjorie Barr  
Kate Porter

Rnith Griffith — in training at Middlesex Hospital.  
Virginia Ryan — Music and Dancing Studio in Victoria.  
Joyce Marriott — Writing Scripts for C.B.C.  
Hazel Livingstone-Learmonth — Nursing Sister (Victoria Military Hospital)  
Esme Ketchen (Mrs. Charles MacNeill) Dental Assistant — Montreal



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## LATE NEWS

Dramatic Competition was won by Caister House.

Tennis Cup was won by Caister House.

Art Competition was won by Walsingham House.

Individual Drill was won by Jane Ridewood.

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## Song Against Straight Roads

I like a road that winds like a snake,  
For I like to wonder at each turn I take  
“What shall I find?”

Will there be Willows sweeping a lawn,  
A wide open gate to swing upon:—  
Will there be hills and flowery valleys,  
Tall leafy trees and birch lined alleys?

Often I find  
A gas station leaning against a cliff,  
A billboard that rears itself angry and stiff.  
But I pass by these,  
And the road curves again  
Leaving behind these mistakes of men,  
I watch for a road that winds like a snake,  
And wonder again at each turn I take,  
“What shall I find?”

A. Harrison.

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# Autographs











